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Pac Theo Sem
Reading Room

GRACE.

"Still give us grace, Thou God of Grace,
To run with patient zeal the race,
Though storms about us be;
Give us the grace for Thee to live
And all the glory still to give
To Thee alone to Thee!

"Give us the grace unmoved to stand
In rank with Thy own faithful band,
Unwavering, for the right;
For 'tis not ours, while here below,
The boon of sweet repose to know.
The Christian still must fight.

"It is Thy grace, Lord, that defends
Thy soldier, as Thy path he wends,
Assuring him that he,
When all the bitter strife is past,
Shall sing the victor's song at last
Upon the crystal sea."

THE PACIFIC

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SAN FRANCISCO.

Rev. George C. Adams, D. D.

Nobody doubts the wickedness of San Francisco. It is being paraded in the papers east, west and especially north and south with startling headlines, and excellent homilies which ought to decide all the rest of the world promptly to lead blameless lives. To men who have the good fortune to live in the city and be a part of it, the thought frequently occurs that this thing is being just a little overdone, and when our brethren on the east side of the great Bay make frequent statements that use San Francisco for a great moral lesson, and carefully stop at the waterfront, we are tempted to ask if they expect us to take Oakland as a sample of unblemished morals which we ought to copy. The situation suggests some definitions that we regard important; when a man in Oakland, Berkeley or Alameda says San Francisco he usually means the incorporated northern nub of the peninsula of that name; when a man who lives in that city and county says San Francisco he frequently means the great population that make their living there; the half a million who people it in the day time, even though many thousands of them cross the water before the sun sets, and other thousands take the trains down the peninsula to the eastern slopes of the coast hills. The proposition I wish to emphasize in this paper is that the real San Francisco includes a large part of Alameda, Marin and San Mateo counties, and eventually they will have to be all under one municipal government, making one of the largest and in every sense greatest cities in the world.

Not many years ago, when Chicago enlarged her borders, and took in a great many square miles of land, people charged it to the desire to possess all the earth; undoubtedly the Chicago habit of excessive humility was upon the city, but when the facts were considered it was seen that the real question was one of self preservation. A few years ago the agitation for a Greater New York took shape in the incorporation of a city that swallowed several others, and ran the population of the metropolis into the three million column. Has it occurred to any one that since that was done we have heard a great deal less than formerly about the wickedness of New York, and it really looks as if now that city is able to care for itself, and gradually improve its manners and morals. The process that made these moves necessary in Chicago and New York is going on rapidly here; the City and County of San Francisco is a small territory, destined to be crowded with business interests that involve the world; the population necessary to carry on this business could never live with any comfort or safety within the present city limits; the cost of land has already become prohibitive to most except people of large fortunes; clerks, and the more intelligent and thrifty classes of mechanics who desire homes for their families with a little breathing space about them, are compelled to go outside the city proper to get them; but they are none the less a part of San Francisco. Especially is it true that business men, who make their money in the city, and expect the protection of the city government, and yet evade all responsibility for that government, will in a few years see the incongruity of the situation. The process that is steadily going on, and growing always more rapidly, is reducing the governing force of the city proper to the class that can not get out of it to live, and that means a voting population composed too largely of what President Roosevelt calls "undesirable citizens." Those who seek homes in the suburbs are naturally on the whole the more moral and thrifty class; they go into the country, and aided by the rapid transit systems make here and there a little paradise in which they and their friends can dwell unmolested; they can have all the improvements that go with such settlements,—good roads, freedom from nuisances, plenty of fresh air, good views from their windows, practical prohibition of the liquor traffic in any place that will disturb them. In the rush of modern business life no man can be justly blamed who makes a home where these conditions prevail; my contention is that in all justice to the city where he gets the money that makes such a home possible the tract of land that holds it, and consequently the vote of the citizen, belong with the great city itself, and not with some suburban village. It is a great thing for a city like Berkeley to be able to rid itself of the nuisance of saloons, and it might require a greater spirit of self-sacrifice than most towns possess to do anything that would risk a return to other conditions, but in this life we are frequently called upon to give up a little of our own comfort that there may be greater comfort for a larger number of people. The vote that makes Berkeley free from saloons would go a great way toward making greater San Francisco also free, and the sentiment that pervades the people of Berkeley should become one of propagandism for all the people about the Bay. This condition has been brought about in Berkeley by taking out of San Francisco a large part of its most moral vote, and putting it in a place by itself; the result is that the vote that is left lacks the moral tone and high purpose of that which has been taken out. After skimming off the top of a pan of milk, and using it for cream, it is not just to deride what is left with being skim milk; at our house we sometimes pour cream in with the milk, to make it of the richness we wish for our purpose; at present we have a very moral voting population in Berkeley, one nearly as good in Alameda; we had one fairly good in Oakland before the earthquake and fire emptied a large part of the worst elements from across the Bay into that city, and showed them what we were facing; while this has not by any means taken all the good people out of the peninsular city, it has weakened its moral power so decidedly that the question of municipal government is brought into disrepute, and a terrible burden of uncertainty and suspicion is laid on those who are left.

As to the real sinfulness of the city by the Golden Gate: It should be remembered that all our great American cities are on trial; it is worth all it costs to visit London, and watch the results of a thousand years of self-government; you find there a solidity, a respect for law, a care in the management of things, that have come from long experience and thorough training. The largest city in the world is also one of the best governed cities, and when you have spent a month there you come away with a sort of Anglophobia as to city government, and wish we could do things that way here; we will after a time; but to expect as much stability of Chicago or San Francisco as of London is to look for full grown manhood in a small boy. We have in San Francisco an organization, with a still large membership of aged men, and another of women, who came here in 1849, and who have seen all the growth of this city and state, and had part in the development of this civilization; that is to say, within an ordinary lifetime San Francisco has grown from a little Spanish village to one of the largest and most important of American cities; the people who have made it have come from every part of the globe, and have brought with them the peculiarities of their early training. It will take a long time and a great deal of experience to make them homogeneous. Now we have injected into this population all the great questions in sociology that are agitating the world today; and the part of the population that live on the peninsula are trying to solve the problems unaided in any practical way by the large number of people who are best fitted to elevate the moral standards of the city, and overcome the immoral vote. When General Funston, rather unfortunately it seems to me, wrote of that "unwhipped mob," he referred to San Francisco proper, and nothing else; there is no danger of any such gathering in Berkeley or Alameda, and very little even in Oakland. On the peninsula is the danger point, and there it always will be, until a sufficient moral force is added to the weakened line to enable it to cope with the problems thrust upon it.

Before leaving this part of the subject I want to allude to the real life of the city as compared with others. What a cry went up from everywhere when a narrow-minded school board in the city, facing a real difficulty, blundered into making it a race issue; their trip to Washington broadened their vision and those men, and a great many of their friends, have gotten a liberal education out of the experience. They needed it, and so did a majority of the people of San Francisco; but instead of laying the blunder to ignorance and the lack of proper education on such topics, the world has been saying that was San Francisco, and claiming from it that this is a city to be despised and distrusted. And now Chicago is trying to rule the Japanese out of her public schools, and the eastern press make no mention of it. Take the artizan class of any other city, put them in power, give them the whole city government, and see if they will do any better. The fact is that if the men who compose the labor unions of San Francisco were not by a great majority loyal, law-abiding citizens, there would be no decent people living there today; through all the terrible experiences of the last two years the lawlessness has been the act of a small minority, and the majority have been taking notes; they will be heard from some day in unmistakable tones, on the side of law and order. Better than the whipping of a mob is the training of the masses in self control, and their elevation to a point where they can be thoroughly trusted. In twenty-five years San Francisco will have the most intelligent, self-respecting, law-abiding working population of any city on the continent, and it is now in the process of making. The world looks on and scoffs at the city that is doing more than any other to prove the value and safety of municipal self-government.

Another thing that is charged to San Francisco, when it belongs to the whole country; for many years strong combinations of capital have been growing, until even the United States government is alarmed, and the key note of the next presidential campaign is likely to be the proper restriction of the power of corporations. They are everywhere where money is to be made; and in every one of them there is a department that exists first for the protection of the corporation from unfavorable legislation, and then for whatever will advance the interests of the body; the man at the head of that department is frequently a gentlemanly fellow, pleasant and affable, but he never gets left; always on the watch, keen to see how to foster the work for which he was appointed, resourceful, with plenty of money at command, he is a shrewd politician. His business is to use such means as will remove obstacles from the path, and increase the dividends on the stock. Such men, with such power, usually find it possible and easy to buy what they want, and we presume most of them do it. In consequence there has grown up among business men in the United States a pretty lax notion of the heinousness of the crime of bribery. The conditions in our city for some time back have been peculiarly favorable to the methods described. Great interests were at stake, unusual opportunities for money making were offered, and what is being done by many corporations in every part of the country was done on a large scale here, with a city government of untried men, having no previous training to fit them for their positions, and thoroughly trained by their master in just one thing, the art of getting something for nothing. The result is disastrous to many, but it is the breaking out at one spot of a disease that threatens the very life of our free institutions, and that permeates all kinds of business life. Men have for years been claiming that it is impossible to do business and succeed on the principles of righteousness that are laid down in the Gospels San Francisco is teaching the world that it not only can, but must be done; and the world that ought to be thankful that it is done for them, is looking on and scoffing.

We may justly claim that our city is in advance of others under like conditions in the matter of the treatment of the oriental question. A few Japanese in San Francisco have suffered some loss, and some have been injured, but it has largely been incidental to the troubles we had of our own, and not to the fact that they were Japanese. I confess to a sort of feeling of exultation when I read of what happened recently in Vancouver, not because any one was hurt,—far from it: all that is deplorable. But no sensible person anywhere is blaming San Francisco today for her attitude on the oriental question. It has been proved that she has been on the whole quite forbearing, and England has the question on her hands instead of the United States. There is a great problem before the white race of the Pacific Coast. It involves the preservation of the civilization that has been developed at great cost. It is a question to be handled with care and patience, and justice to all, but it is not a question of San

Francisco against the world. Bellingham and Vancouver have demonstarted that our city has not been cruel, and that the Japanese is safer here than at any other point on the Pacific Coast.

I have mentioned these particular problems in order to call your attention to the vastness of the burden that is being laid upon one city. Now let me say once more, that the part of the city that lies along the upper part of the peninsula is being left to fight out all these things alone. If the vote of the portion that lies on the east side of the Bay could have been mingled with that on the west side I firmly believe that a large portion of the deplorable occurrences of the last two years never would have been. All the sins and blunders of a nation have been crowded into one city, and that city has had to face them with the votes it needed most eliminated. If those votes could have been had; if the previous consultations had been participated in by the ablest men on the east side, it is a question whether the well known disgraceful results could have ever come from the last city election. Above all things it is not in good taste for those who stand just outside and look on to find fault with the conditions that their presence might have obviated. It is difficult at best to cope with the gigantic problems of this generation; it is almost criminal to insist that they shall be settled by those least fitted for the purpose, and the natural result of the facts is that it will take a generation to train them to the first principles of the government they are trying to understand. It will come; as surely as the sun shines many of the men who have been scored for the way they voted have been in deep thought ever since. Just after the last election seven men from Canada, who had never thought they owed any particular allegiance to the United States, were so disgusted with the result of the voting that they went at once to prepare to take out their naturalization papers, so as to help to a right decision of things at the first election possible. This process of education is going on, and must in the end partially atone for the loss of so much of the most intelligent voting population. If that vote could have been mingled with the vote of the men who did not know, they would have learned much faster, and without the stupendous blunders, and perhaps without the gigantic sins that have blotted the fair name of the city that we love. I hope I have succeeded in showing you that if San Francisco is to be blamed for not being more moral and upright, the largest part of the blame belongs to those who have gotten out from under all responsibility for the government of a great and growing city. Give us the votes of those who demand good government and take no part in it, and in a short time we will make a different showing.

Now as to church life in San Francisco. The same process that has weakened the moral tone of the city has made church work more difficult than in any other large city in the United States at the present time. The continued success of a city church depends largely on its persistent influence on the same people, and their training in the life and work of the organization. No one can build a wall if as often as he puts a brick in place some one steps up and takes it off to use in some other wall. No pastor can make a great and successful church if nearly all his converts promptly go to enrich some other church. I have sometimes said jokingly that all the saints move to Alameda county, and leave us the sinners to wrestle with; that is of course an extreme statement, but there is a vast amount of truth in it. Six years ago the First Church in San Francisco had granted letters to more than one hundred members to unite with the First Church in Oakland, and over two hundred to various churches in Alameda county. Multiply this by two or three to include all the members of the families, and you have from four to six hundred taken through the years from the old First, and transplanted to the east side churches. The disaster of 1906 accelerated a movement that was going on surely and steadily. In the last three years thirty-one families in the membership of the First Church have purchased or built homes for themselves in either Alameda county or Marin county. This is only a fraction of those who have permanently moved, only those who have invested in homes of their own. Thirteen of the couples I had married myself, and in nearly every case had baptized at least the first baby; they are young families, who mostly had united with the First Church on confession, and who would in a few years have become pillars in that church. Many of them, because of present conditions, are exceedingly faithful to the old church, and do their best to attend its services, but they can not always do so, and eventually they will do as others have done, either transfer their membership, or lose interest, and drop out. The place for permanent and thrifty churches, composed of members who own their homes, and will stay, whose children will grow into the life of the church, and make its work more fruitful each year, is not in San Francisco proper; it is in the residence towns on the east side of the Bay. During the years covered by these latter statements the members who have been received into the First Church in San Francisco by letter from churches on the east side could almost be counted on the fingers of two hands; and most of those were people who had gone over the Bay, gotten homesick, and moved back. That which is true of one church is probably in some measure true of all the churches similarly situated. Work in Alameda is on a rising tide, and as surely work in San Francisco county is on a falling tide. This process will continue until some day in the future when the suburbs of San Francisco have been so built up that prices of land and buildings will have so risen as to be quite nearly on a par with these on the peninsula. Then there will be either a bridge or a tunnel between the cities; people living on either side of the Bay will be able to take a car, and leave it near some church on the other side, and membership across the Bay will be no more difficult than it now is on some car line in the same city. When it becomes profitable such connection between the cities will be made. The first proposition to bridge the Mississippi at St. Louis was received with ridicule; but Captain James B. Eads let them laugh while he planned the bridge, and proceeded to put it in place. Now there are two. The proposition to bridge the East river was thought chimerical; they are hard at work on the third one. It will some day prove no harder to put a bridge across San Francisco Bay than it has been to erect that splendid piece of mechanism, the Forth bridge near Edinburgh, with its great cantilever spans of 1710 feet each. Some connection will eventually be made, and when that time comes conditions for church work in San Francisco will not be quite so hard as they are now. I am not hazarding much in saying that the present magnificent work of Dr. Jefferson in Broadway Tabernacle could not have been done at a much earlier period than now in the history of that city. The means of transportation have become such that the church can hold its members wherever they live in

that great metropolis. That time will come for San Francisco. Until it comes, the ministers who work there must be content with a floating membership, and constant discouragement. The great tornado in St. Louis in 1896 demonstrated the fact that a church made up largely of people who owned their homes could outlive almost any disaster, while one whose members were tenants is in constant danger, and any sudden movement of population or public calamity might send them to such a distance that the church had to begin at the bottom again and work up. That is what is going on now in the city on the peninsula. The churches there are weak, because their best life has been drained to make the churches in other places. The elements of population about them are because of what I have shown to be true, indifferent or even hostile to church life; and in the great combinations that are developing, and that complicate all church work, such a city has the difficulties in their concentrated form, making them hard to handle, while the church membership that would have given such churches prestige has gone to enrich other communities that could have done very well with only a small part of them.

Here are the present day problems of our city; here is the main cause of our weakness, and not a mere pleasure-loving population. There is a vast amount of real Christianity in those same people; if they had not been able to play in the last two years they would have gone insane by thousands; the safeguard of a great many has been the ability to see the bright side of things, and to laugh. These same people who seem careless turned to after the fire and astonished us by the work they did, and the way they adapted themselves to circumtsances. When we can conduct churches so as to win their respect they will attend them. At present we are badly handicapped.

THE FIRST UNITED BRETHREN CHURCH IN THE UNITED STATES.

At a time when union between the Congregational, the United Brethren and the Methodist Protestant churches is being considerd, something concerning the first United Brethren church in this country may be of interest. We take the following from an article in The Religion Telescope, written by Bishop Mills:

Antietam" is a name frequetnly occurring in our early church history. It was a neighborhood in a beautiful valley, now Keedysville, Maryland, on Antietam Creek, in Washington county, Maryland, eleven miles south of Hagerstown. Across the Blue Mountains, southeast, about twenty-five miles away, is Frederick. Here Otterbein was pastor of the German Reformed Church from 1760 to 1765. While pastor here, Otterbein visited Antietam and preached there, and continued to do so while he lived for in this valley lived a band of people whose hearts had been touched by the Lord, and they eagerly listened to this great preacher and his co-laborers.

About one mile south of the present town of Keedysville, in 1760, settled a young German emigrant, born in Neider-Schelden, in Nassau-Silgen, Prussia, in 1741. His name was George Adam Geeting, then spelled Guithing. At probably the first visit of Otterbein, Geeting was converted, and his house became the center of the revival movement in Antietam. This young man was well educated in Germany, born near the place where Otterbein lived. Sharing a like experience of grace, they became intimate friends for life, often exchanging visits, and aiding each other in great meetings.

Near Geeting's home, at the Mt. Hebron graveyard, about 1780, was built the first United Brethren church It was built on the land of a Mr. Schnebley, now called Snavely. It was a simple log structure, built by the neighbors, the followers of Otterbein, and became known as Geeting's Meeting-house.

This is a historic region for the United Brethren The great meetings held here by Otterbein, Boehm Geeting, Newcomer, and others later, are matters of tradition and history.

Geeting is buried in Mt. Hebron graveyard; Bishop Russell in Keedysville cemetery; Bishop Newcomer in the German Baptist cemetery at Bear Creek, six miles away; and the Peter Kemp home is not far away, near Frederick.

Out of this Antietam region have come such honored names in our church as Geeting, Wyand, Snavely, Rohrer, Russell, Zimmerman, Baker, Thomas, Bovey, and others.

On Whitsuntide, 1783, in the Mt. Hebron church, George Adam Geeting was ordained a minister by Rev. William Otterbein and Rev. William Hendel. Geeting was the most eloquent of this group of great preachers. His memory is still blessed. Two of his grandsons, Emanuel Geeting and Caleb Wyand, and many other descendants, yet live at Keedysville, faithful members of our church.

For many years great meetings were held annually on Whitsuntide, at the Mt. Hebron or Geeting church. In 1845, the log church gave place to a stone church; and in 1870, a handsome brick church was built in Keedysville, and the local church moved to the town.

WHY SHOULD I GO TO CHURCH.

By Rev. C. C. Cragin.

Gen. 28: 16: "And Jacob awakened out of his sleep, and he said, 'Surely the Lord is in this place, and I knew it not.'"

What the patriarch, Jacob, said of his lonely resting place at Bethel we can say here, where God is worshipped, "Surely the Lord is in this place." Where one man sees God in the solitude of nature a hundred see him in the sanctuary. Where the vision of the heavenly ladder comes to one as he gazes into the open heaven, that vision comes to many when they look upward in the church, with mind and heart touched by the inspiring hymn, the earnest prayer, the thoughtful sermon. If silence is eloquent of God to the few, at special seasons, the presence of God is more manifest to the many, when the air echoes the sound of worship, and the words of scripture, and the voice of Christian testimony, Christian argument or Christian appeal.

Jacob shared in the prevalent thought of his time and limited the manifestation of God to certain places and seasons. As the heathen had one god for the mountains, and another for the valleys, and another for the winds, and another for the seas, so Jacob had not come to believe in the presence of the God of the Hebrews everywhere. Little did he think of seing God in his lonely vigil at Bethel till his homesickness and his fear of robbers and wild beasts and his anxiety as to the outcome of his long expedition brought the dream which made God so near and so real and called out the glad and solemn announcement, "Surely the

Lord is in this place, and I knew it not." So others, with a like experience, may sing:

"Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee."

But, as I have already indicated, the experiences are more common in the sanctuary than elsewhere. While it is true that God is everywhere, it is no less true that He oftenest manifests himself in the place where men are found for his worship. "The Lord is in his holy temple." He meets his people there. He welcomes them there. He brings them "to the banqueting house and his banner over them is love."

I have anticipated, in interpreting the text, one of the chief answers to the question of my theme, Why should I go to Church? Let me proceed in a more orderly manner. Why should I go to church?

1. First, to brush off the dust and the grime of the world. They accumulate during the week sadly. The steam engine of the factory needs to be shut down once a week for rest and for cleaning and oiling. This human frame, this complicated mechanism of body and spirit; this being that feels and thinks and wills; this personality, this thing that I am has its special needs. Once a week it needs to get away from the school room and the kitchen, and the parlor and the sewing room and the nursery. Body and soul require a change of atmosphere if they would thrive. Without Sunday and the church we might lapse into barbarism. There is much of the beast and the savage in human nature. The higher nature must be given a breathing spell and a chance to assert itself if it would not come into perpetual bondage. The selfish impulse in man, the worldly push and drive, the money-making instinct must be driven into the background once a week at least, if the man is to be well-balanced and symmetrical. The bread and butter question, the problem of raiment and housekeeping, the trade, the profession must not engross us all the time, else we become machines, monsters or maniacs. A Sunday picnic or Sunday excursion does not meet the need; we are made in God's image; we need one day in which he shall be uppermost in our thoughts. It is worth something to put on the Sunday clothes; it is more to think the Sunday thoughts; it is most to have feelings and purposes appropriate to the day. Why should I go to church? I repeat, to brush off the dust and the grime of the world. Said Rev. Dr. Bellows, an eminent Unitarian minister, a man of more than three-score years and ten—said this man, "I never knew a man who absented himself regularly from church and who had a theory for absenting himself, that did not come to grief."

2. Why should I go to church? To discharge a duty of good citizenship. More than any other organization known to men, the church stands for good citizenship. It teaches respect for law and order. It believes neither in strikes nor lockouts; it sides neither with labor nor with capital. It honors diligence and frugality. Its hero and head was a village carpenter. His chief apostle was a scholar and a magistrate. Its roll of illustrious names has men of all callings and dispositions. Shepherds, like Moses, who became a lawgiver and leader; shepherds, like Joseph, who became prime minister of Egypt, and shepherds, like David, who became king of Israel; fishermen, like Peter, who became an apostle of the Messiah. With such diversity of employment in its early leaders, the church has learned sympathy with all classes and conditions of men. A single verse of one of the epistles which the church counts authoritative, has the bidding, "Honor all men, fear God, honor the king." Still more inclusive are the two main commandments, "Thou shalt love the Lord, thy God, with all thy heart, and thy neighbor as thyself." If obedience to this would not bring good citizenship, I do not know where you could expect to find it. If the rank and file of the Christian church are not trying to obey these commands, then I do not know the organization in which I have been an officer for thirty-five years and a member ever since I was thirteen years old, a membership which began in New England, an office-bearer in four states of the interior, and in this great state of the Pacific Coast.

I recognize the shortcomings of the church. It follows the Master, like Peter after the betrayal, "afar off." The church is recruited from the world, and is sadly tinged with worldliness. All its members are descendants of the Adam who transgressed in the garden. They have all the infirmities of fallen human nature and these show themselves in uncomfortable ways time and again. But the church traces its origin to the second Adam, the Lord Jesus Christ. So far as its members have their names written in the Lamb's book of life, so far are they descendants of this second Adam, so far there is incorporated upon the old corrupt human nature, a graft of spiritual nature, like a choice insertion from a higher stock.

A belief in God is essential to good citizenship, and the mission of the church is to strengthen that belief. There is little of good citizenship in heathendom; there it is every man for himself. Men lose hope and heart in trying to be good and to help forward the right, if they do not realize that God is at hand to cheer and to aid. Said a thoughtful French philosopher, "If God did not exist he would need to be created," meaning that the world could not get along without a belief in God; men would need to believe in God for their comfort and defence if they had any desire to do right.

You cannot help along good citizenship so well as by attending church, becoming a Christian and seeking to win others to a Christian life and to strengthen that life of God in the soul. The best communities in the land are those where the churches are strongest. The poorest are those where the churches are weakest. The church is the foe of all that is bad and the friend of all that is good. It is a nursery for the children, a training-school for the youth, a hospital for the sick, a fortress for the tempted, a life-boat for the imperiled. Its mission is rescue and nurture. It has a right to the sympathy and support of every self-respecting man and right-minded woman in the community. A good citzen should be ashamed to say, "I send my wife to church and my children to the Sunday-school and I contribute to the pastor's salary, and that is my part." By no means. Religion cannot be attended to by proxy. A man's family cannot take his place in worshiping and serving God. Your place and my place is in the house of God on the Lord's day, in the interest of good citizenship, as well as in all other interests.

In a pulpit of an Oakland church where there was a congregation above a hundred the minister said: "I wish there were more men here this morning. There are only fifteen present." It is sometimes said there may not be men enough in heaven to sing bass. Ex-

Governor St. John is reported to have said, "I made an address once to a thousand people, 991 men and 9 women. It was in a penitentiary. Compare the two meetings and make your own inference."

"Man cannot neglect the means of grace with impunity. There is many a man behind prison bars today who would not be there if he had gone to church with his mother, sister or wife. The church has a restraining influence which no one can safely disregard.

Now and then there may have been an arrant hypocrite who made church attendance and religious profession a cloak for his wickedness; but usually the church members who have gone to the penitentiary have been neglecters of the church. "And he was a church member, too," sneered the world, when a young Californian was sent to San Quentin. Yes, but his pastor could have testified that he had been to church and prayer meeting only twice for months before he committed his great crime."

3. Why should I go to church? To receive God's help. I am in trouble. In the church I learn something of the value of the discipline by sorrow. I hear the scripture, "Whom the Lord loveth, he chasteneth." I learn such a lesson as was taught by the gifted leader of the King's Daughters, Margaret Bottome: "Beautiful china now means to me suffering," she says; "I shall never forget seeing it, after it had been so beautifully tinted, carried off to be burned. It was the only way. The painting would have been nothing without the burning; it would all have washed off. The colors had to be set, and that meant fire. I thought the china did not understand it, and was saying, perhaps bitterly, "What is the use of being tinted if you have to go into an oven? It will know some day, when it graces a palace, and every one exclaims, "How beautiful."

So the discouraged soul finds comfort and instruction in the house of God. The psalmist describes his perplexity when he thought of the prosperity of the wicked. He could not understand why they should have "more than heart could wish," when they were proud and corrupt and violent and arrogant. "When I thought how I might know this," he said, "it was too painful for me, until I went into the sanctuary of God and considered their latter end." How apt are we to forget in the stress of the storm that God is at the helm! The church is built to remind us of God. Its service, from beginning to end, tells of the wisdom and power and love of God; how patient he is with the weak, how strong he is for the tempted, how gracious to the penitent, how loving to the faithful!

In the supposed interest of good citizenship the English parliament in 1581, "passed an enactment by which those who * * did not attend church were subject to heavy penalties." But why do not mankind realize that they cannot afford to stay away from church? It is always safe to use the words of Moses to Hobab in inviting to church, "Come thou with us and we will do thee good."

They were building a great bridge over a river, and it was carried from both sides, to meet in the middle. But when the central span was swung into place, it did not fit; it fell short two inches, and no ingenuity could bridge the space. In dismay, they wired the designer of the bridge, and he telegraphed, "Wait till tomorrow noon." They wondered what he meant; but tomorrow noon they found that the sun's rays had expanded the metal so that, section to section, it precisely matched, and there was no crack at all—the bridge was one. "Stand still and see the salvation of God," is the message to us, at times in the sanctuary. How often we receive help there!

4. Why should I go to church? To brush off the grime and dust of the world, I have said: to discharge a duty of good citizenship and to receive help. But throughout the discussion I have of necessity anticipated my last point; I should go to church, to worship God. He is the one "with whom I have to do." My relation to him is vastly more intimate and important than to any of my fellow men. He is my Creator, Preserver, Sovereign, Redeemer. In the person of Christ, he is my Elder Brother; in the Holy Spirit he is my Comforter and Sanctifier. He breathed into my nostrils the breath of life. He feeds and clothes and shelters me. He has stored the mines for me and furnished the fields, and stocked the waters. He has given me wise laws to obey, and hedged about my path to keep me from disobedience. He gave his only begotten Son to die for me. The Son of God came into this world to help me by his teachings and his life, and to save me by his life and his death.

Why should I go to church? To thank God for his mercies, to praise him for his goodness, to confess my sins to him, to ask his forgiveness, to pray for his help, and his blessing on others. True, I can do this at home. But I shall hardly continue to do it at home, if I voluntarily absent myself from church. Do people keep up a fervent spiritual life who allow excuses to keep them from church? If you wanted to put a tender lamb of the flock into the loving care of a faithful friend, would you seek such a friend among those who seem to care less for God and Christ than for the world and for family and friends?

5. O that all of us, by attendance at church, and by loving fellowship, might show that we belong to the blessed company, of whom Lucy Larcom writes:

"God never meant us to be separated
From one another in our work and thought,
Spirits that share his spirit he has mated,
That so his loving purpose may be wrought,
His gracious will be done,
In earth and heaven as one,
O Blessed company of all the true—
His holy church—may I belong to you?

"His church; it is the home of every spirit
That looked and longed for him before he came;
That hears God's voice now, or shall ever hear it,
Through the dire discord of earth's outcast shame.
He knoweth who are his;
His seal upon them is.
O scattered, wandering flock! O loyal few!
One Shepherd claims us, I belong to you."

God lives in his church; God works through his church. I speak not now of the sanctuary, but of the people, of those whose bodies are the temple of the Holy Ghost.

It is said that Paganini, the greatest of violinists, was announced to play before an august assembly in a community where he had enemies, many and influential. They spoke slightingly of him, saying that he was not so great a musician as the people supposed.

Just before he appeared before the audience they hid his favorite instrument, a well seasoned, perfect Cremona violin. Paganini was full of rage. It was a plot to ruin him. But gradually he became calm, and taking a common violin from one of the members of the orchestra, he began to play his exquisite music. He was heard to mutter, "They shall see that the

music is not in the violin, the music is in me."

Brethren, we are common violins; the music is not in us, but in God, the Master; He can, and he will, use us, if we are willing to be used. How shall we persuade men to go to church? By letting God do his glorious work upon us, and through us. By making the whole atmosphere of the church so charged with spirituality that every one shall be constrained to say. "Surely the Lord is in this place."

THE GOLDEN JUBILEE OF THE SANTA CRUZ CHURCH.

The church at Santa Cruz celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of its founding September 11-15. To say it was a gladsome occasion would be to phrase the situation faintly. Through all the services in the Jubilee week there was a heartiness of fellowship and a depth of spiritual power which augurs well for the future of the church. Only a few churches in California are old enough to celebrate a Jubilee and this celebration by the Santa Cruz church will beget a larger loyalty and deeper devotion to the church in its membership and the community at large.

The Jubilee opened with the Wednesday evening "Reminiscence Hour." All the former pastors who were able were in attendance and letters were read from Dr. Bartlett and Rev. J. G. Taylor, the former prevented by illness and the latter by distance, from attending. Rev. Walter Frear was prevented by an accident from atetnding and his greetings were heard on Friday. Rev. S. H. Willey, D. D., one of the early pastors of the church, told in his beautiful way of the beginnings of Congregationalism in Santa Cruz. Rev. Mahlon Willett, D. D., told the story of the erection of the church building. Rev. J. A. Cruzan told of the struggle of the church in his pastorate in time of financial depression. Rev. J. R. Knodell spoke of the kindly relations always existing between pastor and people and gave this as a reason for the steady progress of the church. Rev. A. W. Hare spoke of the gladness of the people when the mortgage was burned, the lot for the parsonage paid for and the Baldwin Memorial Parish House assured and the expenses incurred in the earthquake met. Rev. J. B. Orr, the present pastor, was pastor of the church for two years six years ago, but passed the reminiscence. The choir furnished some enjoyable music and at the close of the reminiscence hour the church and its friends with the former pastors present adjourned to the social rooms, where a delightful hour was spent in renewing the old friendships. The Ladies' Society served delicious refreshments.

The Pacific is indebted to the Rev. A. W. Hare for the report thus far of the 50th anniversary and delightful reunion at Santa Cruz. Newspaper clippings and copies of addresses put into the valise of the editor at the time of his hurried departure for the East make it possible to supplement this to some extent. The Rev. Walter Frear had been asked to write a report in full, but the accident with which he met as he journeyed toward Santa Cruz making impossible his attendance prevented this. We have before us Mr. Frear's paper, and make use of the same. He congratulated the church on the quality of its pastors and on the fact that it had not been afflicted with excessive changes. As to quality he said that all had been devoted to the service of the Master and to the peace and prosperity of the church, that there hadn't been a crooked stick among them. As to length of the pastorates he said: "Brevity of the pastorate is a feature of the times, and it has been no little bane to the best life and power of many of our churches. I think your pastors have numbered ten; too many it may be, and yet not so very many as the average now is. Three of these pastors were with you 29 years out of the 50. In your longest pastorate of 12 years, you have been far from attaining to the virtue of the olden time. In May last I received a copy of the Braintree (Mass.) Observer, giving account of the two hundredth anniversary of the First Congregational Church of that place. I noted the fact that in the two hundred years the church had only seven pastors—three less than you have had. One of these, Richard Salter Storrs, the great father of his still greater son, was pastor 62 years—12 years longer than this church has lived. His predecessor was pastor 49 years, and the next preceding one 51 years—a total of 162 years for the three, which is 3¼ times longer than this church with its ten pastors has lived."

Mr. Frear closed this part of his paper with the remark: "It is to be hoped that the fitful age of change will ere long have passed, and that the cumulative power of the long pastorate will again bless our churches.

Concerning the surviving pastors of the Santa Cruz Church, all of whom except one are living, he said: "Two of them, if I mistake not, have entered upon their 87th year, and another has come to his 80th year, showing that you did not utterly exhaust their vitality in their service with you."

Mr. Frear proceeded then to congratulate the church on its steady growth; its fine building; its large membership, its increasing benevolences being referred to as evidences of this.

As to the first year at Santa Cruz, which was 43 years ago, he said: "My own first year here seemed the most barren in my ministry. Everything was pleasant and harmonious, and beautiful for situation, but visible marks of progress were absent. A strange inertia seemed to nullify every effort at aggressive movement. Good will was on every hand, but invisible barriers were before the doors of the church. Some of us came to deeply realize that something must move or something would break. The parish was districted and systematically visited. Special neighborhood prayer meetings were held, numbering an attendance some weeks of forty. It was then that barriers seemed to give way, and from that time on the door of the church has been swinging open easily for those whose hearts the Lord has touched."

Mr. Frear, in his paper, showed that the benevolences of the church had been about $27,000 during the half century of its existence. Of this sum $5,290 had gone to foreign missions, and about $4,500 to home missions.

Thursday evening of the anniversary week there was an address by the Rev. Dr. Willett on "How May the World be Evangelized in this Century?"

On Friday afternoon there was considered the general theme: "What should be the attitude of the church toward the great interests of Christendom?"

The Rev. J. R. Knodell spoke on Temperance, the Rev. A. W. Hare on Evangelism, the Rev. Dr. S. H. Willey on the Work of the Sunday-school, and the Rev. W. T. Patchell on the Intellectual Life. The same afternoon the Rev. H. M. Tenney spoke on Foreign Misions, and in the evening the Rev. A. W. Hare gave an address on "The Church of Tomorrow."

On Sunday afternoon at the Golden Jubilee, twenty-

eight new members were received. Of the number eight were on confession. Of the twenty by letter, eight denominations were represented, Congregational, Presbyterian, Methodist, Episcopal, Methodist Episcopal South, United Brethren, Society of Friends, Christian and Baptist. Five children were baptized. This makes 105 additions since the coming of Rev. J. B. Orr, January 1st.

A Golden Jubilee offering of nearly $1,100 was taken. It will be used in flooring over the Sunday-school class rooms and parlors, putting in electrical fixtures and Golden Jubilee expenses.

In the brief historical statement made on the Jubilee program, we note that the church at Santa Cruz was organized on the 13th of September with twelve members. As early as 1851 a Congregational Church was organized in Santa Cruz, but on account of the removal later of most of the members and the illness of the Rev. T. W. Hinds, the minister, the organization was not long continued. Mr. Hinds became a member of the new organization in 1857. The Rev. J. S. Zelie was the first pastor.

The Pacific congratulates the church at Santa Cruz in that it has had a half century of vigorous life, and that it stands today as one of our most influential churches. It is gratifying to hear of the excellent work the Rev. J. B. Orr is doing in his second pastorate there.

OBSERVATIONS.

The autumn had but fairly begun when the writer was seated in Ogden, conversing with Rev. Noble S. Elderkin, pastor of our Congregational church. The latter is a young man—bright, alert, cultured, and consecrated. A graduate of our Chicago Seminary, he came to this Mormon city some two years since, and has found the work attractive, though possessed with difficulties peculiarly trying. His mind was, to bid farewell when summer vavation came, but such were the represetations made to him that he has concluded to remain, and just fresh from a month's recreation he is heartily entering into the work, and expects the best year in his Ogden pastorate is just before him. During his vacation weeks, loyal workers have looked after finances, and sufficient is already in sight to meet ordinary expenses, and such is the mind of the leaders that the small remaining obligation to the Building Society is to be paid, and all the Congregational benevolences to be remembered. Attendance is encouraging, Sunday-school good, and C. E. Society one of the most active to be found in all this inter-mountain region. Truly the outlook is bright. May the realizations be even more so.

It is only an hour's ride on either of two roads and one is in Salt Lake City, the center of Mormon life and activity. "Gentiles" are there nowadays in numbers that may be felt, and some of them are good Congregationalists. The most of the latter attend the First church, presided over by Rev. E. I. Goshen, one of the brightest men Chicago Seminary has sent out. Great numbers gather together to hear him Sunday mornings. He has no evening service. During his two months' absence in the East, the church has been closed that improvements might be made on the organ, and on the return if the latter is not in readiness, services will be resumed in a theatre.

Our other church—not so large, but equally as aggressive—is presided over by Rev. Peter Simpkin—one of those Englishmen so thoroughly Americanized that you would never know he was not "to the manor born." For seven years he has toiled ardously in a field not at first great in promises, but proving fertile in the hands of such a devoted and wise workman. Not only has he lifted it from the Mission Board, but he has built a new edifice, secured a desirable parsonage, and now is building a kindergarten adjoining the church, the latter backed by some wealthy man whom Mr. Simpkin has interested. This faithful brother, while devoted to his people and endearing himself to them by his unselfish service, finds time to mingle with the men of the lodge and those of the press, with the result that he is widely known and quite frequently spoken of as "The Parson." He is often called upon for funerals, weddings and public addresses, accepting all such invitations as oportunities for delivering a gospel message, and not infrequently exhausting his physical strength. Though a month's vacation at Santa Monica had been granted him, he found so much on his return demanding his attention, that when the writer saw him he was on the lounge, listening to the counsels of his beloved physician. Naturally enough it was mine to suggest the bracing climate of San Francisco Bay region, and if he would rest awhile with us, he might go back an entirely new man. He is not yet ready to lay down the work, nor is there any necessity for a complete cessation from pulpit duty, so if any church wishes a supply for six months, this brother may well be invited, for if he would come, he would give a message with no uncertain sound, and his genial personality would win him many friends.

Utah is great and prosperous. Many continue to come and make it their home, finding agriculture, mining and commercial life attractive and profitable. Salt Lake, the metropolis, has more and more the appearance of a large city, and not a little of the wealth taken from the mines is being expended in erecting modern business blocks equal to the best found in other western cities. Its city and county building has no superior of its kind this side of the mountains, and ere long it is expected one of the finest capitol buildings in any western state will be erected on a commanding site. Mormon influence is strong, and pastors report difficulties peculiar to such a situation. Some are openly antagonizing it, while others prefer to show "a more excellent way," hoping thereby to win one and another and another to the life that makes for righteousness both in creed and in act. Our own forces are doing their share. In the state we have eight churches, and another is about being organized at "Five Points," Ogden. Brethren have greatly enjoyed the fatherly services of Rev. Dr. Kingsbury as Home Missionary Superintendent, whose large field—all this inter-mountain region—it is feared has been too much for him. Report is that his health is failing, and if this proves true it may be some Elisha must needs be found who, while bearing this Elijah's mantle, may yet be somewhat limited in his territory, and give himself exclusively to Utah and southern Idaho. Such would indeed be great in area, but the churches are only few, new openings are beckoning us onward, and it would seem response to such with the other necessary work would be all any one man ought to attempt.

OBSERVER.

Telegram from the Rev. H. E. Jewett: "Seems probable today (Tuesday) that fifty will use railroad certificates." This means a fare and a third for the round trip.

THE WOMAN'S HOME MISSIONARY UNION OF NORTHERN CALIFORNIA.

More than one hundred took the early morning cars on September 19th for Mills College, where the annual meeting of the W. H. M. S. was to be held. The fresh, sweet air and sunshine clarified our spirits of the turmoil and disheartenments of the city, long before we reached the atmosphere of peace and rest which awaited us in that beautiful spot.

After a half hour spent in visiting the library and other buildings, the chimes at 11 o'clock sounded out the call to prayer: "Saviour Divine, make our love to Thee a living fire."

The day marked twenty completed years of service for our Union. Have we left undone anything that the Lord commanded? Have we done all that we could? The most encouraging fact, in a day full of inspiration, was the planning which the auxiliaries are doing for increased efficiency—some by studying Home Missions systematically, some in interesting larger numbers of people. Forming Missionary Magazine clubs is one means to these ends. The book, "Leavening of the Nation," is arousing intelligent interest in the work in all parts of the land.

One auxiliary appoints field secretaries to bring in fresh reports each month from all lines of mission work. The Secretary of Literature is alwavs at your service in this. (She is grateful to those who provide their own postage.)

In one church where systematic giving makes the money come easily, instead of utilizing the trolley system for attending the meetings, the ladies employ the less easy method of harnessing their horses, for the sake of gathering up friends and neighbors on the way, some going for four and five miles to the meetings.

One of the city churches reports weekly meetings and steady contributions—a chance there to study the relation of cause and effect.

Another society holds part of its meetings in the evening in order to accomodate a greater number; another distributes special invitations throughout the church on the Sunday preceding the meeting, with the gratifying result of having two hundred or more in attendance.

In looking back over the twenty years the many gaps caused by the passing on of loved fellow workers from the first president to the last superintendent of the Cradle Roll, called forth the thought that "our citizenship is in heaven." The standard set before the Union at its organization was "an auxiliary in every church, and every woman a member." Those early workers having wrought in faith, the result is the dawning of the morning over all this portion of our state. In the same consecration and faithful service on the part of the workers of today lies the assurance of the coming of the full, bright-shining of the Sun of Righteousness in the years to come.

Following the arrival of the balance of the three hundred, making this the largest meeting in our history, we were given words of hearty welcome by our hostess, Mrs. C. T. Mills. Coming from one whose name stands everywhere for a living interest in Foreign Missions, the words "Whosoever is heartily in love with foreign missions will surely include home missions as well," were significant, and in our treasurer's report of $3,177.56,—the largest on record—was noted $25 from the "Tolman Band" of Mills College for the new Chinese Mission House in San Francisco.

Changes in the Constitution, suggested at the last meeting, were adopted, and will be found in the Annual Report.

Our new H. M. Superintendent, Rev. L. D. Rathbone, completed the morning program with a warm tribute to his predecessor, Rev. J. K. Harrison, attributing to God's use of his personality and general efficiency the marked improvement of condition as well as the growth and increased number of our Home Mission churches during the past fifteen years.

While reluctantly giving up his own pastorate, Rev. Rathbone enters upon his new work with high aims, realizing that "like the work in the vineyards, the work already done is not sufficient for the needs of the future." His suggestion for his co-workers is "Make a plan and stick to it until the work is done;" finished work being always an encouragement that more can and will be completed. But as most important of all he urged the giving of self in such ways as shall result in bringing those about us into the Kingdom of our Lord. Seed thus sown multiplies an hundred fold.

The singing of an anniversary hymn, written by Mrs. L. M. Howard, for years our efficient secretary, closed the morning session.

The afternoon session, held in "Lisser Hall," was made beautiful by the singing in processional and recessional of the college choir in surplice.

After being reminded by Miss Grace Fisher of the work of some of the women of old, as sisters, wives, mothers or daughters, as well as those other blessed women who ministered unto the Lord; Mrs. General Bidwell of Chico, the western vice-preident of the National Indian Association, made an impassioned plea for the Indians in California, whose nineteen representatives, having themselves been brought to Christian manhood, begged so pitifully at the meeting of the National Indian Association at Mt. Hermon the past summer, that Christianity be given to their people. Religious they have ever been, even their dances being for sanitary and religious purposes; but they need the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Their women as well as their men are capable of becoming preachers as was shown by a recent sermon of one of them from the text, "What think ye of Christ?" in which she brought out in the most searching manner the truth that our lives here are one day to be reviewed before Him in the world beyond. Mrs. Bidwell likened these neglected ones to diamonds in their natural state, each with a light within that was intended of its maker to shine forth; and "when He makes up His jewels" God will ask us for those diamonds of His, and hold us responsible for those which shall be missing from His crown.

Mrs. R. F. Hoyt, formerly a teacher in the mountains of Tennessee, closed the program for the day with a vivid description of the homes, schools and churches of the white people there, before the A. M. A. found its way into that almost inaccessible locality; asking "what would life mean to us if deprived of all which now gives it value? There live a people poor, sick, naked; yet some children of the King are still saying, "When saw we thee an hungered, or athirst, or naked, sick or in prison?" To whom the Christ makes answer, "Inasmuch as ye did it not unto these, ye did it not unto me." Now the A. M. A. schools have bells whose ringing sounds out over those mountain sides and call out annually 2500 of these boys and girls to attend them. By this means a new world is opening up to them; a world where two, or at most four, occupy one room, instead of entire families of a dozen or more. Where

pictures adorn the walls; books and writing materials are on the tables for their use; and two sheets at once are on their beds. Bright, cheery dining rooms, knives, forks and napkins, to say nothing of a variety of well cooked food, all help to lead them out into a life of cleanliness in person, thought and speech; of education, culture, and the love and worship of God. Of many instances cited, one was a boy beginning at nineteen whose past life was a closed book because even such ignorance as his blushed to acknowledge the evil of it. Now he is an earnest, Christian man, preparing for the ministry.

As Christians we must share our Lord's desire and effort to seek and save these whom circumstances have so long imprisoned in those mountain fastnesses. Fifty dollars a year supports a pupil; four hundred pays the salary of a teacher for the same length of time. Through the A. M. A. represented in our Union, we may have part in both lines of work so clearly set before us. The offering of the day was divided between them.

Surely this twentieth anniversary meeting gave us a day of great enjoyment and privilege, but laid upon us, as well, the increased responsibility of a fuller knowledge of the needs and opportunities of extending the knowledge of Christ's gospel in America.

A MISSIONARY COMMISSIONED.

The service last Sunday evening at Pilgrim Church, Oakland, was devoted to the commissioning of Miss Mabel A. Ellis, of Curtis, Nebraska, as a missionary of the American Board, to be located at Lin Chin, China. This was the second service of its kind among the Congregational churches on the Pacific Coast and made a deep impression upon the large congregation of young people present. Dr. Brooks preached an excellent sermon for the occasion. Secretary H. Melville Tenney presented the Commission of the Board and offered the prayer of consecration. Mrs. E. R. Wagner, of San Jose, formerly located at Lin Chin, very happily gave the greetings of the Woman's Board and her personal Godspeed, and Miss Ellis responded fittingly.

Two other young missionaries of the Board were present, Miss Julia C. Hocking of Manhattan, Ill., who goes to the Bible School for Women at Kobe, Japan, and Rev. Watts O. Pye of Fairbault, Minn., to Fencho-fu, in the Shansi Mission, China. These both responded to call with earnest words concerning their prospective work.

The anthem, "Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me," was a feeling of prayer in song for those who so soon were to embark. An atmosphere of deep sympathy pervaded the congregation, and these young workers must have felt its benediction and the yearning tenderness of this farewell service. They sailed on the "Korea," Tuesday, Sept. 22nd. H. M. T.

THE MONDAY MEETING.

The attendance at this meeting of the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity was not large, but the occasion was one of deep interest. As announced Dr. Adams gave his paper on San Francisco. Other ministers from the struggling, rising city spoke on the same line and in hearty sympathy with the paper. The readers of the Pacific will be glad to see in print this just and able defense of San Francisco.

A VICTOR'S WREATH.

The many friends of Prof. Wm. F. Bade of Pacific Seminary have for the past six weeks been alternately hoping and fearing for the life of Mrs. Bade as she has struggled bravely against disease, and wide and deep sorrow and sympathy followed the announcement of her passing shortly after noon on Wednesday, September 18th. It seemed a peculiarly depressing triumph of death over life, but to those who have known the splendid Christian courage and cheer of the sufferer throughout, it was rather the noble victory of a brave, joyous, trustful spirit, over the forces of pain and disease that in their apparent mastery were really defeated. Nothing reveals more clearly the inherent, invincible worth and immortality of a pure, true soul than just such experiences as this,—to one who sees below the surface. Bunker Hill is repeated in every such outward defeat and inward triumph. "Death is swallowed up in victory."

Evelyn Mary Bade, the daughter of Rev. Walter H. and Evelyn Ratcliff, was born of an old English family in Kensington, and lived in Blackheath, London, until the age of fifteen. Her father graduated at Cambridge University and was a rector in England. Her education was completed at the Pasadena High School and the University of California, whence she graduated in the class of 1901. Her scholarship was of the highest order, especially in mathematics. She was a member and president of the Tri-Delta fraternity and received the honor of election to the Phi Beta Kappa society. An accomplished musician and possessed of rare gifts of mind and person, Mrs. Bade was a favorite with all. Vigorous, athletic, a student and lover of nature, she was ardently fond of outdoor life, and as a member of the Sierra Club prepared the paper on the Ascent of Mount Rainier for the Sierra Club Bulletin of January, 1906. Her pure and joyous love of Nature, which characterized her from childhood, showed itself in a touching manner when, exhausted by fever of over a month's duration, she was borne from her home to the hospital for a critical operation. She declared that she enjoyed the journey and drank in the fresh air with the joy of a child. Resourceful, balanced, loving truth with a devoted simplicity and sincerity, yet loving those about her more, she was a source of unfailing strength and cheer to those who held her dear. Her highest ideal was true wifehood and motherhood. "I think I have strength for the worst," she wrote before her illness; and she had,—not only strength but a vivacity and grace that won all. In everything she gave thanks, exclaiming at one time in her illness: "It makes me shiver to think how many blessings I have!" "Spartan," the physicians called her courage, but it was Christian as well as Spartan, and revealed a character in which the Christ ideal had embodied itself in a characteristic and individual way.

Mrs. Bade's parents, a brother, Mr. Walter H. Ratcliff, a sister, Ethel, and a little daughter, Evelyn Mary, survive her. The funeral service was held at the First Congregational Church of Berkeley, of which Mrs. Bade was a member, on Friday, September 20th, at 10 o'clock in the morning. It was conducted by President J. K. McLean, assisted by Rev. W. H. Hopkins and Rev. E. L. Parsons. The professors of the Seminary acted as pall-bearers. The cloudless September day was befitting this gladsome sunny spirit, who has left to those who love her a priceless legacy of faith and courage and joy. J. W. B.

A BOOK BY A CALIFORNIA PASTOR.

"The Threshold of the Kingdom."

Is it an auspicious sign of approaching union that a Congregational pastor writes a book and the United Brethren publish it? Such is the case with the treatise brief, but packed with thought, which bears the above prepossessing title, and whose author is our brother Queen of Fresno.

It is founded on Phil. 4::8, 9: "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest," etc., and the several items in this catalogue of primary virtues are the subjects of discourse. Evidently the chapters were originally prepared as lectures to young people and the lecture style abides in them. They were good lectures, and as chapters they reward the reading, the interest in them deepening with the progress of the thought. The expression is clear, the diction is fine, the sentences short, or if long made up of phrases, brief, pointed, epigram style often. Some of them have the ring of the Proverbs: "What is a promise worth if it is not worth the keeping." "We are the old world worked over." "The honorable life is an achievement with thought as its forerunner." "The most beautiful and worthful thing in all creation known to man is man." One is reminded sometimes of the way in which the great Teacher treats our commonplace affairs, using them to illustrate spiritual truth. With our brother it is hunting squirrels or seeking four-leafed clover, or ringing the doorbell or demanding "whatsoever things are true" when you go shopping. And he weaves in suggestive phrases of Scripture like threads of gold, or comes up to the close of the chapter with a full-orbed word of Bible counsel or promise, in a way that makes one love his Bible better, without being exhorted to love it at all.

Get the book, young people, and read it through.—

W. C. P.

MONEY IN PSEUDO-RELIGION.

The Providence Journal Touches Up Some of the Workers of Human Gullibility.

The American people would hardly be classed as a profoundly religious people. And they are commonly thought to be a shrewd and not easily gullible people in matters of dollars and cents. At the same time the freak or faddish in religious concernments easily finds its way to the American pocketbook. The exposure of the methods of a so-called American Salvation Army is a case in point. The evidence that was sufficient to break up the organization in what appeared to be its headquarters, Brooklyn, showed that a group of very ordinary workers of human gullibility were making an easy living by pocketing the proceeds of a religious system that the Salvationists have developed for the good of mankind. One of its officers "stationed" in Providence is said to have been drawing the comfortable wage of twenty-five dollars a week for his services. It is perhaps only strange that the vast popular support that is accorded the Salvation Army is not more often taken advantage of to afford gainful occupation to the powers that prey. Probably, however, the Salvationists themselves keep a sharp eye out to protect the public against such masqueraders.

This "American Salvation Army" was, of course, a ridiculously small money-maker by contrast to many familiar examples of the ease with which the American pocketbook is approached through the medium of pseudo-religious movements that are not always and necessarily to the accused of a purpose to defraud. John Alexander Dowie's wealth when Zion City was at its zenith was estimated in millions and he had nothing to begin with but his religious programme. "Elijah" Sandford of Maine may some day become as rich as was Dowie. Although exiled, he is already doing well with thousands laid away and a steam yacht under his command. Sandford's most conspicuous material possessions when he started his movement were a wheelbarrow and a shovel. The Holy Rollers of the Northwest, the Holy Jumpers, the Golden Rulers and sects of such fantastic names rise and fall, but their leaders usually retire comfortably well fixed. It is too early yet, perhaps, to completely establish a verdict as to Christian Science, but its profits to its founder are variously estimated at from a modest million to twenty or thirty millions.

AMONG THE CHURCHES.

Oakland Fourth.—The Junior and Intermediate C. E. convention was held in this church on Saturday afternoon and evening, with basket luncheon served at six o'clock. The attendance was good and the themes interesting, the banner for membership and attendance being awarded to the Juniors of the Fourth Church. The King's Daughters gave a unique entertainment on last Friday evening, the proceeds of which were sufficient to surprise and delight the pastor with a beautiful new wheel which was presented to him on that evening.

Rev. C. C. Cragin was kindly remembered by the people of Sonoma. At the close of his pastorate a purse of seventy-five dollars in gold was given to him.

SOCIAL CHANGES IN CHINA.

The sending of three Chinese women at the expense of the Chinese government to this country to be educated in social customs is full of significance. According to the press reports three Chinese girls, wards of the Emperor, two of them of royal blood, the first Chinese women sent by the Government to America to be educated, arrived at Wellesley College. It is their aim to gain knowledge to be used in the social uplifting of China. They are Miss Faung Yetin Tsao, a woman of 30, who speaks English fluently; Miss Chiche Wang, who is 26, and Miss Ning H-Sia Hu, who is 18. They hope to enter Wellesley at the beginning of the session. The three students and their party are in native Chinese costume, but will adopt American dress if desired.

This marks the beginning of a large movement. The changing of the status of the Chinese women is the most fundamental social change that could be made. In a single generation a vast social change will result.

Mr. Adolfo Padovan defines genius as "a physiological state of exquisite and exceptional nervous sensibility." All people of exquisite and exceptional nervous sensibility are geniuses. The number has greatly increased. The surplus of genius has become oppressive in some quarters. We are glad to look up these exquisitely nervous people. Hereafter we are to honor, not pity, them.

The Home.

CITY COMRADESHIP.

Face on face in the city, and when will the faces end?
Face on face in the city, but never the face of a friend;
Till my heart grows sick with longing and dazed with the din of the street,
As I rush with the thronging thousands, in a loneliness complete.

Shall I not know my brothers? Their toil is one with mine.
We offer the fruits of our labor on the same great city's shrine.
They are weary as I am weary; they are happy and sad with me;
And all of us laugh together when evening sets us free.
Face on face in the city, and where shall our fortunes fall?
Face on face in the city—my heart goes out to you all.
See, we labor together; is not the bond divine?
Lo, the strength of the city is built of your life and mine.

—Anna Louise Strong, in The Song of the City.

UNNECESSARY LABOR.

A. S. Atkinson, M. D.

Many of us are wearing out our lives, shortening them by ten and twenty years, because we have not learned to discriminate between the essential and non-essential affairs of life, and to husband our strength according to the needs of the hour. The successful man or woman is one who seems to be endowed with unfailing physical and mental prowess. We attribute this gift to Nature and conclude that the success is due more largely to inheritance than to actual personal efforts. In many cases the opposite is true; Nature has sparingly and grudgingly bestowed upon many of the world's greatest the physical powers necessary to counterbalance the mental endowments, and the consequence is it has been a life-long struggle against environments to make life a success.

There is no better lesson to teach the young than to prepare for life's battles with a clear consciousness of what we labor for. There must be an object for every effort, or else it is misdirected labor, and our work falls short of its highest attainment. With an object in view we must learn next how best to attain it with the expenditure of the least amount of nervous and mental energy. The old saying that "there is no royal way to learning" is true, but there is a direct way to it which does not lead through the paths of sickness and broken-down health. It may be attained through the exercise of functions that will give us actual pleasure and profit. There should be nothing in our studies that should make us dread them so that worry and anxiety rob us of their sweetness. A healthy organization should love to surmount difficulties, and the student will attack such problems with as much avidity and consciousness of power as the business man does obstacles placed in the way of his ultimate success. When healthy and in good trim, we enjoy a little combat, something to overcome and conquer, and it is an excellent training for us to plan our attack so that we can make the best disposition possible of our forces.

In the home, social life and other lines of effort where women's powers are directed, this same waste of energy is apparent, and we find thousands carrying loads that should never have been taken up. They have misunderstood the conception of life and work, and they have picked up one burden after another until they are tottering on the verge of a collapse from which they may never recover.

Mental and nervous illnesses are the great foes of modern life, and we suffer from them more than the savage in his brute state ever suffered from physical discomfits or wounds. Women in particular are susceptible to these weaknesses, which prey upon the body until physical collapse often follows. It is not sufficient that medical advice be given, that outdoor recreation and exercise be prescribed, or that dieting should be carefully studied and followed for each individual case. The mind must be taught to act for the body and nerves. The mental disease must first be removed or cured before the nerves can be returnd to their normal condition. The diseased mind may often simply be one that has failed all along to see life in its true perspective. There has been no other weakness or shortcoming than that the mental life was not alert in grasping the essential parts of existence, and as a result it has worn itself out unnaturally in misdirected effort.

In engaging in the different lines of work which men have heretofore performed in the world women must learn this secret of conserving the health and strength, and not waste their energies upon the unnecessary thing. Economy of strength is as essential to their success as economy in dollars and cents. If they cannot repare their minds and bodies for the strains and crises which come in every business or professional career they must inevitably fail. If trifles and details are going to worry them they will never bring a clear mind to the solution of the important issues. They will, in short, wear out their existence before their business career is half over or perhaps scarcely begun.

There has been a great demonstration of this in the past decade. In entering upon the new lines of work in the world, scores and hundreds of women have failed to adapt themselves to the new conditions confronting them. They have possessed all the zeal and ardor necessary for a business or professional success, and they have brought the talent and physical balance to the work necessary to insure success. But after a few years of toil they have had to withdraw through failing health and a possible nervous collapse.

Plenty of healthy work is good for the mind and nerves of man or woman, but only the necessary work should be performed, and that thoroughly, and in the best manner. If all could learn to do this the burden of the world would be lightened by nearly one-half. At present a large percentage of misdirected labor goes into the daily task, and it counts for nothing in the end. Indeed, it works absolute harm instead of good by prematurely wearing out lives that should be saved for more important tasks and labors that would help toward making life easier, better and happier for all.

The Quiet Hour.

THE TRIALS OF LIFE.

Life is not entirely made up of great evils or heavy trials, but the perpetual recurrence of petty evils and small trials in the ordinary and apointed exercises of

the Christian graces. To bear with the failings of those about us—with their infirmities, their bad judgment, their ill-breeding, their perverse tempers; to endure neglect when we expected thanks; to bear with the company of disagreeable people whom Providence has placed in our way, and whom he has provided, or purposed for the trial of our virtue; these are best exercises of patience and self-denial, and the latter because not chosen ourselves.

To bear with vexation in business, with disappointment in our expectations, with interruptions of our retirement, with folly, instruction, disturbance—in short, with whatever opposes our will, contradicts our humor—this habitual acquiescence appears to be more of the essence of self-denial than any little rigors or inflictions of our own imposing. These constant, inevitable but inferior evils, properly improved, furnish a good moral discipline, and might, in the days of ignorance, have superseded pilgrimage and penance.—Hannah Moore.

TO WHAT END IS OUR LIFE?

There is an end of mortal life. Then we gather up the things we have gathered in this world, they are added to our soul, and we carry them out of the world with us. Then no man will ever be sorry that in his youth he bowed his forehead to God in prayer; no man will be sorry then that he clasped his hands in the instant of his resolution, and swore that he would reverence the dreams of his youth and keep undefiled a conscience in his heart and honor his God with a great life. That is sacramental and holy. Rejoice, O young man, in the strength of thy life, and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth! But remember that for all these things God continually calls you to account. Remember into what littleness men may make their life taper off and vanish away, so that they come from riches and toil and honors with nothing in their hand that is worth gathering! Remember what an eternal joy a man may glean from a small field of life, and go home with the sheaves in his bosom and be welcomed with a smile from his God!

Of old time Michael Angelo took his copies from the persons in the streets, and wrought them out on the walls and the ceiling of the Vatican, changing a beggar into a saint, and an ordinary woman who bore a basket of flowers on her arm into an angel; and the beggar and the flower girl stand there now in their lustrous beauty, speaking to eyes that wander from every side of the green world. The rock slumbered in the mountain; and he reached his hands out and took it and gathered the stones from the field about him, and built them in that awful pile which, covering acres of ground, reaches up its mgihty dome toward heaven, constraining the mob of the city to bow their foreheads and to vow great prayers to God. So, my brothers and sisters, out of the common events of life, out of the passions put by God into your hearts, you may paint on the walls of your life the fairest figures, angels and prophets.

Out of the common stones of your daily work you may build yourself a temple which shall shelter your head from all harm and bring down on you the inspiration of God.—Theodore Parker.

CHOOSE THOU FOR ME.

Choose thou, my Lord, for me
The cross that I must bear.
Let all its sorrows be
Thy choice and care.

Its burden of distress
Let thine own love allow.
Its weight and weariness
Apportion thou!

Lest I complaining lose
Thine unknown thought of good
And some fair crown refuse
Of perfecthood.

Nor let me dread the way,
Though burdened I must fare,
Since thou, my staff and stay,
Art with me there.

—I. O. RANKIN.

Young People.

A CRAFTY OLD THIEF.

There's a crafty old thief, of nuisances chief,
Who goes prowling around day by day.
She subsists on the hours which she slyly devours—
Look out! for she's coming your way.

This crafty old thief may bring you to grief
She's robbing you more than you think.
If you say, "Wait a minute," she's sure to fit in it
An hour, or more yet, in a wink.

Just say, "By and by that problem I'll try,"
And she comes with her trap slyly set,
To grapple your hours, which by mites she devours,
And not one word of thanks will you get.

When I hear a boy whine, "I haven't had time
To do this hard lesson," I've found
That this crafty old thief, with her well-sharpened teeth
Has always been prowling around.

What! Asking her name? Have you not guessed the same
Ere this from the tale I have told?
This thief of low station is Procrasti-Nation,
A sinner the universe old.

—Letta Sterling Lewis, in Youth's Instructor.

ROBINSON CRUSOE'S GUN.

Robinson Crusoe's gun, the identical weapon that was the mainstay of that lonely sailor during his castaway life on Crusoe Island, is here in Philadelphia, the jealously-guarded property of Miss Hulda B. White, of 201 North Thirty-fourth street.

The recent discovery of that fact is causing the wealthy descendants of Alexander Selkirk, whose adventures were the basis of Daniel De Foe's famous story, no little uneasiness.

British magazines, since the relic has been traced to America, have printed several articles, in which it is described as "rusting, uncared for and alone in the attic of some unappreciative Yankee," and many overtures have been made to its present owner to purchase it, the price offered being much higher than that originally paid for the ancent firearm.

Instead of the attic troubling the Selkirk relatives, the gun occupies a place of honor in the beautiful home of one of West Philadelphia's wealthiest women, and

the papers, showing the authenticity of its pedigree, are locked up carefully in the vaults of a local trust company.

Miss White has had the gun for more than thirty years. The story of her ownership is unique, and gives the relic, in her eyes at least, an added value.

Forty years ago a distant cousin left Philadelphia for a tour of England and Scotland. Knowing Miss White's penchant for collecting old things, he kept his eyes open for odd bits, and many a piece of Miss White's large collection came through him. While in Largo, the old-fashioned Fifeshire town in which Alexander Selkirk was born, he noticed in passing by a cottage that a public sale was in progress—some one being dispossessed for non-payment of rent. He went in and when the old gun was offered, together with the papers proving its identity, became an excited bidder, finally carrying it away with him, after having paid $160 to the auctioneer.

Several hours later a messenger came to the hotel where he was staying, with a letter. The communication was from the auctioneer, who wrote that a wealthy relative of the Selkirk family had authorized him to offer the purchaser of the gun $320, double the price paid.

Loath to take the heirloom that was evidently so highly prized from the family, he said that if the would-be purchaser would meet him at the dock the next day he would give up the gun. The Selkirk representative did not turn up, and the gun sailed for America to be presented to its present owner.

In the last few years Miss White has had letter after letter from England, some of them offering her goodly sums for her prize.

Intrinsically the gun is not worth fifty cents. It is of a pattern invented in the year 1676, a firelock.

In the days when such weapons were used, the gun was loaded almost to the muzzle with powder, with a little placed in the flash-pan near the hammer. When the hammer descended it struck a piece of flint, ignited the powder in the pan, and the weapon was discharged. —Philadelphia North American.

HE DARED TO TELL THE TRUTH.

A boy once went to live with a man who was accounted a hard master. He never kept his boys—they ran away or gave notice they meant to quit; so he was half his time without or in search of a boy. The work was not hard, opening and sweeping out the shop, chopping wood, going on errands, and helping around. At last Sam Fisher went to live with him.

"Sam's a good boy," said his mother.

"I should like to see a boy nowadays that had a spark of goodness in him," growled the new master.

It is always bad to begin with a man that has no confidence in you, because, do your best, you are likely to have little credit for it. However, Sam thought he would try. The wages were good, and his mother wanted him to go. Sam had been there but three days when, in sawing a cross-grained stick of wood, he broke the saw. He was a little frightened. He knew he was careful, and he knew he was a pretty good sawyer, too, for a boy of his age; nevertheless, the saw broke in his hands.

"Mr. Jones never makes allowances," said another boy who was in the woodhouse with him.

"Why, of course I didn't mean it, and accidents will happen to the best of folks," said Sam, looking with a very sorrowful air on the broken saw.

"Mr. Jones never makes allowances," said the other boy. "I never saw anything like him. That Bill might have stayed, only he jumped into a hen's nest and broke her eggs. He daren't tell of it; but Mr. Jones kept suspecting and suspecting, and laid everything out of the way to Bill, whether Bill was to blame for it or not, till Bill couldn't stand it, and wouldn't."

"Did he tell Mr. Jones about the eggs?" asked Sam.

"No, said the boy, "he was afraid, Mr. Jones has got such a temper."

"I think he'd have better owned up at once," said Sam.

"I suspect you'll find it better to preach than to practice," said the boy. "I'd run away before I'd tell him." And he soon turned on his heel and left poor Sam alone with his broken saw.

The boy did not feel very comfortable or happy. He shut up the woodhouse, walked out in the garden, and went up to his little chamber under the eaves. He wished he could tell Mrs. Jones, but she wasn't sociable.

When Mr. Jones came into the house the boy heard him. He got up, crept down stairs, and met Mr. Jones in the kitchen.

"Sir," said Sam, "I broke your saw, and I thought I'd come and tell you before you saw it in the morning."

"What did you get up to tell me for?" asked Mr. Jones. "I should think morning would be time enough to tell of your carelessness."

"Because," said Sam, "I was afraid if I put it off I might be tempted to lie about it. I am sorry I broke it, but I tried to be careful."

Mr. Jones looked at the boy from head to foot, then, stretching out his hand, he said heartily:

"Sam, give me your hand; shake hands. I'll trust you, Sam. That's right, that's right. Go to bed, boy. Never fear. I'm glad the saw broke; it shows the mettle's in you. Go to bed."

Mr. Jones was fairly won. Never were better friends after that than Sam and he. Sam thinks justice had not been done Mr. Jones. If the boys had treated him honestly and "above-board," he would have been a good man to deal with. It was their conduct which soured and made him suspicious. I do not know how that is. I only know that Sam Fisher finds in Mr. Jones a kind master and a faithful friend.—Scotch Tract.

WHY

I know a little boy—his name begins with C—
Who, when he's busy playing, is as strong as strong can be.

He can lug a heavy box, roll a barrel big as he,
He's as nimble as a fox, when a bonfire there's to be.

He can pull his great big Flyer—he is feeling well, you see;
It's astonishing how very strong that little boy can be!

But when father wants the snowdrifts cleared away before the door,
Or mother wants a package from the corner grocery store,

That tired feeling comes apace—he is not feeling well, you see;
It's astonishing how very weak this little boy can be!

TRUE REST.

Rest is not quitting
The busy career;
Rest is the fitting
Of self to one's sphere.

'Tis the brook's motion,
Clear without strife,
Fleeting to ocean
After this life.

'Tis loving and serving,
The highest and best;
'Tis onward, unswerving,
And this is true rest.

—Goethe.

THE GREATEST SUNDAY SCHOOL CLASS IN THE WORLD.

The attendance upon and interest in the great Bible Class at Ocean Grove this summer has been unprecedented. The following is the recorded attendance for the first eight Sundays: July 7, 691; July 14, 823; July 21, 934; July 26, 1026; August 4, 1162; August 11, 1760; August 18, 2885 were counted, and it was estimated that there were quite 700 more present, or more than 3,500; August 25, 3552 were counted and the ushers concluded there were quite 1,000 additional, or more than 4,500 actually present.

Dr. L. W. Munhall, the evangelist, is the teacher. Fully one-half of those in attendance are Sunday-school teachers. At least 20 per cent of the remaining persons are ministers. Possibly half of the class are Methodists. In the remaining portion nearly every denomination of Christians can be found, the Presbyterian and Baptist churches largely predominating. It is international as well as interdenominational. The International Sunday-school lessons are taught, at the close of which half an hour, sometimes longer, is given to questions and answers. The class submits written questions: 1st, on the lesson; 2nd, on any Biblical matters; and 3rd, on Christian work. The teacher is expected to answer these questions. The interest is always intense, and the sessions instructive and profitable.

FOR THE FUTURE.

The secret of happiness is inward. People had good times when there were no friction matches, no brilliantly-illuminated streets, no steamboats or railroads, no sewing machines, no postage stamps, no comfortably-heated homes, no telegraphs or telephones. The elements of happiness are not in things, but in human nature itself. But the fairer conditions, the greater opportunities, which the marvelous modern inventions afford to the masses of our humanity should augment our joy and expand our hopes. The most obvious fact of human history is that of progress. The race is following a flying and a growing ideal. It is inspired and saved by hope. Every helpful invention, every improvement of sanitary conditions, every new ray of intellectual and spiritual illumination, every scientific achievement, every amelioration of physical suffering, every new avenue of enjoyment, every victory of righteousness, every faithful deed in lowly and lofty places, increases the splendor and the power of our vision of the future.

THE INFLUENCE OF A WORD.

How enormously important are these first conversations of childhood! I felt it this morning with a sort of religious terror. Innocence and childhood are sacred. The sower who casts in the seed, the father or mother casting in the fruitful word, are accomplishing a pontifical act, and ought to perform it with a religious awe, with prayer and gravity, for they are laboring at the kingdom of God. All seed-sowing is a mysterious thing, whether the seed fall into the earth or into souls. Man is a husbandman; his whole work, rightly understood, is to develop life, to sow it everywhere. Such is the mission of humanity; and of this divine mission the great instrument is speech. We forget too often that language is both a seed-sowing and a revelation. The influence of a word in season—is it not incalculable? What a mystery is speech! But we are blind to it, because we are carnal and earthly. We see the stones and the trees by the road, the furniture of our houses—all that is palpable and material. We have no eyes for the invisible phalanxes of ideas which people the air and hover incessantly around each one of us.—Henri Frederic Amiel.

All great men have been dreamers and have had dreams of their future. But not every dreamer has been a great man. The truly great man is a practical idealist.—Mr. W. Dunn Foster.

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